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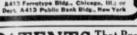
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you and Lord Gorme are both kind enough

you and Lord Gorme are both kind enough to think I ought to learn."

It occurred to Daura that already the savage was showing some signs of becoming civilized. His way of speaking was less brusk. The fierce light flamed up only now and again in the black "devil's eyes."

"I think the red room will be as good a place as any," she said, since now there was no reason for secrecy in the making of an appointment. "There's a bare wooden floor, which is better than stone or carpet; and, though it isn't very big, we can manage. It used to be our old schoolroom," she went on to explain, with a smile for Troy. "Ever on to explain, with a smile for Troy. "Ever since we can remember it's been Annira's and mine, to do as we liked with."

"I offer you my study instead," was Lord Gorme's next Gorme's next amazing suggestion, even more unaccountable than all that had gone before, because the study was sacred. "I'm afraid it is the only room in the house with argond he is the only room in the house with a good polished floor—which simply means that my comfort and pleasure are studied more than anyone's else by my daughters. I had the intention, in any case, of asking the Dean to take a walk with me this afternoon.

"In an hour then," said Daura, speaking with a calmness she did not feel, under Alastair's angry eyes and Vane's amused stare, "In an hour, in Father's study. You stare, "In an l

"Yes, he knows the way," Lord Gorme answered for Troy, with a look and smile such as he had seldom if ever given one of his daughters.
"Thank you. In an hour, I'll be there."

"Thank you. In an hour. I'll be there,"
Troy heard his own voice murmuring in a
tone he could hardly control.

tone be could hardly control.

The decision being made, Annira jumped up again at last, impatient to rush away for a look at George. Everyone else rose also, and Troy heard Lady Daura say to Miss Erskine, "I want to speak to you for a moment about something important."

"Can't it wait for a little while?" gaily asked the would-be copy of Annira. "I promised Alastair that I..."

"No, it can't wait," Daura cut in sharply. "Alastair must wait."

The two girls looked at each other with defiance in their eyes. Then without another word they walked away together, Vane sulkily acquiescent.

DAURA had meant to be prudent, to be diplomatic, with her cousin in the matter of the ruby pin; but Vane had irritated her to a point where she had become incapable of caution. She led the elder girl to the red room, and shut the door in a marked way that startled Miss Erskine slightly, and put her on her guard.

"Vane, you must tell me how you got that pin with the ruby heart!" was the challenge she threw down in beginning.

Miss Erskine drew herself up as haughtily

she threw down in beginning.

Miss Erskine drew herself up as haughtily as her height and figure permitted. "Really, Daura, I am surprised at you!" she said. "I 'must' tell you! You're certainly not the most polite hostess in the world. I wonder how you think that you are going to force me to tell you a secret I haven't the slightest intention of telling."

"You admit it's a secret!" Daura caught her up.

her up.
"As to that, everything is a secret that

one doesn't choose to tell. It is a very pretty pin, isn't it? Perhaps you have seen it

Yes, I have," said Daura quietly. Yes, I have, said Daura quiety.

saw it for the first time yesterday morning, in rather an odd way. But seeing it again today in your possession is still more odd."

Vane laughed. "Well, I am very sorry,

but I can't satisfy your curiosity."
"It is more than curiosity," said Daura.
"I have a better right to know than you can

"I have a better right to know than you can possibly have to wear the pin."

"That can only be a matter of opinion," returned Vane, with dignity. "I'm quite satisfied with my right, such as it is, and I intend to keep the thing; though perhaps I might have been willing to give it back if you hadn't made this ridiculous fuss."

"Ridiculous fuss!" Daura echoed in blank astonishment. "I don't understand. I tell you, I know you haven't a right to the pin, or—or to anything else that may have been or to anything else that may have been

you, I know you haven't a right to the pin, or—or to anything else that may have been with it. Don't force me to say hateful things to you, things neither of us can ever forget."

"You have already said hateful things," Vane answered, her eyes beginning to sparkle with anger, her face, which flushed easily and unbecomingly, reddening under its delicate film of magnolia balm. "You are jealous of me, Daura! I understand you very well, if I never did until now. I think you are outrageous! If you were nine instead of nineteen, I could forgive you. As it is, I can't, and I don't mean to try. I will make you sorry for this! Thank Heaven, Father and I are not your guests! We are my uncle's, and Annira's. You are only an insolent child; and if you lose something you want to keep, you deserve the punishment. I think, if you're not very careful, you will lose it. But maybe you don't mind. You and your father are perhaps playing the same game. I suppose the American must be at least a millionaire."

WITH her bewilderment mingled so hot a flame of anger that Daura had a furious, childish impulse to box her cousin's ears. She understood well enough Vane's last innuendo; but the rest she was at a loss to understand. Vane must, she thought, have taken the green box, with the ruby pin, indeed, some of her words seemed virtually to admit their act if she had stolen the

indeed, some of her words seemed virtually to admit theft,—yet if she had stolen the green leather box, how could she be so obstinately defiant?

When Vane turned calmly away and walked out of the room Daura let her go without protest. She felt dazed and helpless, as she had felt with Troy, though in a different way. "It may be," she reflected, "that Vane thinks I sha n't dare tell anyone what she has done, because of the disgrace to our family, and the pain to Uncle Edward. But what if she knew that we have a detective in the house at this moment? I ought to have warned her, perhaps; for if the man is genuine, and if he has come here suspecting her, he won't be so merciful as I've been. Something disgusting may happen. And the poison may be found. It would break Annira's heart to hear that it was George's—that he kept it always near was George's—that he kept it always near him in case of emergency. Who knows but she may learn the truth about that? The most secret things are stirred up, when in-vestigations begin."

To be continued next Sunday

FAMOUS AMERICAN DUELS

later on "the field of honor." He moved that the House adjourn, that it attend the funeral in a body, and that the Congressmen wear crape the remainder of the session. An ethical objection was made, and Randolph withdrew the motion. It was finally arranged that both the Senate and the House would go with Decatur to his grave, but not as official bodies.

No other American killed in a duel—not

as official bodies.

No other American killed in a duel—not even Alexander Hamilton—had such a funeral as Commodore Decatur. At the head of the procession marched the marine corps, its band playing the funeral march, and then came the firing squad. Next came the stallcame the firing squad. Next came the stal-wart men of the old navy, men who had wielded the terrible cutlass under many flags and in many a close-quarters fight. Not a few of them had fought with Decatur; not one of them but knew what manner of man they were escorting to the tomb.

The pall bearers were Decatur's brother

The pall bearers were Decatur's brother officers,—men like Rodgers and Porter and Bainbridge, who had helped Decatur make the navy what it was and who felt "the deep damnation of his taking off." With them were two Generals of the army.

Then came all that was mortal of Stephen Decatur, and close behind was James Monroe, President of the United States, followed by the members of the Cabinet, the Senate,

and the House of Representatives. Then came John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, with the Associate Justices, Finally came everybody else in Washington who amounted to anything, including even the diplomatic corps. It was a funeral worthy of the man who had dictated terms to the Barbary pirates and wiped them off the man of Europe the map of Europe.

And so, in stately procession, they bore to

And so, in stately procession, they bore to his honored grave the veteran of three wars, the hero of not less than half a dozen exploits, any one of which would have been enough to write his name high up on the navy's roll of honor.

As for Barron, never again did he walk the quarterdeck of an American ship of war. He was assigned to shore duty and placed on waiting orders—and he was still waiting when his final summons came.

For a second time a duel had taken the life of one of America's foremost men and blighted all the hopes and ambitions of the victor. But the tragic ending that had come to Alexander Hamilton and Commodore Decatur—both of whom had fought against their own wishes—did more than all the preachers to hasten the end of a mistaken practice which, as Decatur told Barron, was "not even an unerring criterion of personal courage,"

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